Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter* Desdemona, *with others.*
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raisde vp:
I'le make thee an example.

Desd. What is the matter?

Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Iag. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary God forbid.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beastiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer: O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne by

by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iag. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines; that wee should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankely despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuere a morraler, as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Euery vnordinate cup is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Lieutenant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir, -- I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some time: I'le tell you what you shall do, -- our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This braule betweene you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue